

Here's a poem I wrote while serving onboard Belknap:
- Stephen J. Cook :

My Ship, My Pride and Joy

The gentle rocking left to right
On a quiet cruise in dead of night
At standard speed a sight to see
My ship, my pride and joy...and me

We own the waters of the Med.
And go where others dare not tread
Display of might for all to see
My ship, my pride and joy...and me

When you back home prepare to sleep
There's just a thought I hope you'll keep
"I'm safe tonight it's plain to see
Because you fight to keep me free"

I guess, my children, that it's true
I do my job for kids like you
So when you're older you might see
My ship, my pride and joy...and me.